A New *Presbiterian* Ballad to the Old Tune of *The clean contrary way.*

31. May. 1681.

I.

ALaſs poor Whiggs, our Senat's gone,
Our Glory's now a ſetting:
The Popiſh Plot's laid at our door,
A Baſtard of our getting:
Our bloody Cheats, and Shifts and Tricks,
And all our Devilliſh Play
Will be diſclos'd and we prov'd Saints
The clean contrary way.

II.

Diſcoverers will Diſcovered be,
As paultry Purjur'd ſtuff,
And we the Helliſh Plotters, that
Prepar'd ſuch Hell-hound-Proof:
We had the face to guild their Vice,
And them like Saints diſplay,
And wheedled them to ſwear the Truth
The clean contrary way.

III.

We made their piteous Nonſence good,
And Contradictions true,
And reliſht their unlikely Tales,
So blundring like blind *Hugh*.
What car,d we, if they damn'd themſelves?
So we obtain'd the day,
And meritorious make our work
The clean contrary way.

IV.

When men did ſcruple to believe
Things, ſo abſurd to Reaſon,
We ſcorned Reaſons Ballance, and
We ſtill cry'd, *Treaſon, Treaſon*:
When the Informers halted had
Our hubbubs bore the ſway,
Affrighting folks into their Wits,
The clean contrary way.

V.

ch Toolls we rak'd for Evidence,
Like thoſe, that ſearch in Ditches,
d darkſome holes for poyſonous Toads,
And hungry ſucking Leeches:
e guil'd *Fitz-harris* for more guile,
The guiltleſs to betray:
r which he'l reap a ſweet reward
The clean contrary way.

VI.

e made the Papiſts Traitors all,
That none the Snare might ſcape,
d all the Royal Proteſtants
We would bring in the Trap:
ey muſt be Romanizers too,
What e'r they do or ſay
d Zealous wiſhers to the Pope
The clean contrary way.

VII.

The Realms Religion, that's by Law
In its Eſtabliſhment,
We made as if afraid to loſe,
Though from it we diſſent;
The Church of *England* in the duſt
That Level we would lay
To ſhew our ſelves *true Proteſtants*
The clean contrary way.

VIII.

The long-black-rebel-Parliament
We ſtood to vindicate,
We bloſſom'd new in th' *good Old Cauſe*
Of *Commonwealth* and *State*;
Yet *Monmouths* Duke cry'd up the while
And us'd him like a Toy
A future Monarch he's deſign'd,
The clean contrary way.

IX.

'Twas ſuch, as we, for *Charles* the firſt,
With many a Proteſtation
His Glory did ſo much pretend,
His Weal and Preſervation;
But drew the Sword againſt his Friends,
And forc'd them all away,
And him forlorn they did preſerve,
The clean contrary way.

X.

Twas ſuch, as we, the ſecond *Charles*
Did ſcornfully diſown,
Call'd him the common Enemy
Debar'd him from his Throne:
Who now, but we, cry out of *Plots*,
And for his ſafety pray,
And ſtand up ſtout in his defence
The clean contrary way.

XI.

Twas ſuch, as we, in *Scotland* late
Twice actually Rebel'd,
And (Maugre all the Mercy here)
Our Engliſh venom ſwel'd:
We to *Oblivions* Act ſo kind
Unkind Oblivion pay
Like cheriſht Vipers yielding thanks
The clean contrary way.

XII.

Yet we aſſum'd the confidence
Tho conſcious of what's paſt,
To buſy our Petitions bold,
So frequent and ſo faſt:
Inſtead of Bleſt, we Blaſted are,
Alack and well aday!
And we henceforth ſhall truſted be
The clean contrary way.

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